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TERMS.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

For the National Era. COPYRIGHT SECURED ACCORDING TO LAW. GERENWOOD LEAVES FROM OVER THE SEA.

BLACKHEATH PARK, LONDON, October 4, 1851. My DEAR M— : I believe that in my last letter I brought up at the foot of Ben Lomond. The ascent of that mountain from Rowardennan is not perilous or very difficult, but is ex-ceeding tedious. The distance is about six miles; we rode the whole way on ponies trainel to the business—strong quiet, and sure-foot-ed animals, fortunately for us, as after the

heavy rain of the preceding day the path was in an usually bad condition, with loose stones, slippery rocks, deep mire, and shaky bogs.

We started, well wrapt in cloaks, shawls, and fors, fearing the breezes of the air on the moun tain summits, but we soon found ourselves obliged to lay aside one after another of these articles for as we reached the heights we found the upper day there not only as resplendently bright, but as soft and still and summerlike as the sweet, unseasonable morning we

had left in the valley. About half way up, we paused to revel in a glorious view of Loch Lomond, smiling up to

heaven in all its entrancing beauty of silvery waters, verdant clustering islands, and mountain-shadowed shores. I cannot believe that any most sweet and wondrous vision of earthly loveliness or grandear will have power to banish that fair pic-ture from my memory. But from the summit what a mighty, measureless panorama—what a world of light and shadow-what a glory of pature—what a wonder of God lay beneath and around us! Words can only give you an les of the extent, of the vast circumference of that view. To the east are the hills and valless of Stirlingshire and the Lothians, Stirling Castle and the windings of the Forth, the Pentland Hills, Arthur's seat, and Edinburgh Castle. In the south, the peak of Finto, the city of

Glasgow, Lanarkshire, Ailsa Craig, the Isle of Man, and the Isles of Bute and Arran-and gazing down beyond the outlet of Loch Lomond you see Dumbarton. But on the north I beheld the grandest sight that ever met my gazetains on mountains, stretching away into the distance, and seeming like the mighty waves of a dark sea, stayed in their stormy swell, petrified and fixed forever by the word of Omnipotence. Vexed, indeed, and tumultnous must have been that awful chaotic ocean. ere its vast billows and black hollows were resolved into the everlasting rock-for among these mountain forms there is a wondrous and endless variety. Our guide, a bright young laddie seemed nowise awed by the imposing presence of the mountains, but pointed out the thief of them, Ben-Ledi, Ben-Voirlick, Ben-More, Ben-Lawers, Cairngorum, Ben-Cruachan, and Ben-Nevis, as familiarly as he would speak of other and lesser Bens of his acquaintance. beneath us shone Loch Lemond, Loch Katrine, Loch Ard—the wild country of Rob Roy—the seene of the most enchanting romance and song of Scott. Yet here, for the first time, all e associations of history and poetry lost their

charm-I was above and beyond them. On that sublime and lonely height, on whose still. pure air floated no sound of human life, the thoughts and emotions of my heart were reverential and religious. The stupendous mountain peaks, the eternal hills around, seemed altars for nature's perpetual worship-towering types of the might and majesty of God; whil the lakes with their silver shining, and the green valleys with their still shadows and golden deams of autumnal sunlight, in all their wonfrom beauty, spoke sweetly to the awed spirit of divine love and protecting care. Even while tremblingly acknowledging God from those awful mountain summits, the soul strove in vain to ascend into "the place of the Most High;" it seemed to grow blind and dizzy, and to flutter like a spent bird down into the abysses of doubt and despair. But from the valleys, the quiet, sheltered, luxuriant valleys, the happy heart could look up confidingly, and say, "Ab-

On the morning of the day following this nemorable ascent, we took the steamer for the head of Loch Lomond, passing Rob Roy's cave, and beholding much beautiful scenery. Returning to Inversnaid, we took a drosky and drove across a rough, wild country to Loch Katrine. On our way we were shown the ruins of a highland hut, the birth-place and early home of Helen MacGregor.

At the head of Loch Katrine, we embarked a a fanny little steamer, which certainly did not harry us past scenes on which our imagination delighted to linger. The head of this lake is not particularly beautiful, but I found that my most glowing conceptions had not surwhich forms the opening scene of "the Lady of the Lake," "Eden's Isle," the mountains Ben-An and Ben-Venue, and the defile of the Trosacks Here, island and shore and hill are richly clad in the most magnificent foliage; and the gran-dear of rocky heights and dark ravines is so pleasantly relieved, so softly toned down, that ar feel neither wonder nor awe, but drink in beauty as your breath-lose yourself in deliable rapture of a pure and perfect delight. remembrance which is an especial joy to me now, "and ever shall be," is of a walk taken with my friends that night, along the shore of the lake, to the pebbly strand opposite Ellen's lde which seemed sleeping in the moonlight affeat on the still waters, even as its fair vision had floated before my soul on the silver waves

of the poet's song.

A stage coach drive to Stirling the next day was over the ground of the chase followed by lowers of Donne, " now rained and ivy-growna fine picturesque old castle. Crossing the bridge over the Forth, on entering the ancient town of Stirling, reminded me of a characteris-tic aneodote I had lately heard of a stordy scotch dame, who once during a stormy season had occasion to cross the river at a ferry some The ferryman told her that the waters ran high, and the winds promsed a hard blow, but that as her business was pressing, he would do his best to get her safely "Is there muckle danger, now?" she oked "Ay, woman, the passage wad be per-less, but ye man put your trust in Provi-dence" Na, na," says the prudent dame, dence. Na, na, says the prudent dame drawing back, Til no trust in Providence so ing as there's a brig at Stirling," and actualset forth to walk the whole distance round. ere is a volume of national character in thir story. An Irish woman would have trustidence, or rather in Saint Patrick and the "holy Virgin," and told her beads because the perilous passage, rather than weated her bones by taking the safe roundabout

the Castle of Stirling is one of the most grandly situated of Scotland's old royal strong-holds, and is itself a dark, frowning, vener-able pile, thronged with sombre and bloody demories. The view from the wall is one of the most enchanting in its besity and soul-stir-ing in its associations, possible to take in any-where, with one slow, wondering sweep of the Far away in the distance tower the maestic mountain shapes of the grand Highlands, eneath and around us lie the silver courses of the Forth, the Teith, the Allan, and all the exquisite unimaginable beauty of the richly cul-

The National Era is Published Weekly, on tivated country through which they wind, slow-trenth Street, opposite Odd Fellows' Hall. ly and most circuitously, as though reluctant to flow away from banks so lovely; while green and beautiful as any richest meadows smile toward the smiling skies the once bloody and trampled battle fields of Falkirk, Cambuskenneth, and glorious Bannockburn.

Our guide pointed out to us the remains of

the terraced garden, the round table, and the reyal canal, constructed under the direction of Mary of Guise, the sally-port, whence issued the Gudeman of Ballengeich," the "King of the Commons," on his incog. expeditions among the people, the window out of which James II hurled the Earl of Douglas after having slain him with his own royal hand, and the tower in which Roderick Dhu is said to have died Mary Stuart was crowned at Stirling, and James VI was here educated under Buchanan. We reached Edinburgh in a rain, which proved to be the beginning of the equinoxial storm, so that, though we spent three days in the grand old town, we had but one day of tol-erable weather for sight-seeing. On that, a friend, who kindly undertook the office of cice-

rone, conducted us first to the Castle, through pleasant planted grounds, where not many years ago was a small loch. We found the iew from the ramparts truly magnificent, though obscured somewhat by an envious mist. Looking down, the contrast between the dark. quaint, mournful, mouldering "Old Town," and the elegant, cheerful, prosperous New Town, is the most curious and striking of conceivable sights.

Of all foreign places which I had ever seen. Edinburgh wore to me the most familiar as pect. I joyfully recognised object after object street after street, as though "to the manor born," and only returned after a few years of wandering or weary exile. I needed no guide to point out Arthur's Seat, Salisbury Crags, St. Leonard's, the Grass Market, and the Ca

In the most ancient part of the Castle we were shown some rude, sombre apartments, once appropriated to Mary Stuart-the one of most historical interest being a small dressing-room in which James VI was born.

On descending from the Castle, we visited

some interesting old places, among them the house in which Boswell lived when Johnson visited Edinburgh, the house of John Knox. and the Canongate church yard, in which reposes the poet Ferguson, beneath a tomb-stone erected by Burns, and where are also the graves of Adam Smith, Dogald Stewart, and Dr

We went through the Parliament House, a building of no great outward elegance, but containing some magnificent halls. We unforunately had not time to enter the fine old Ca thedral of St. Giles, venerable as the scene of a tumultuous struggle for the establishment of Prelacy in the time of the First Charles, and within whose walls the Regent Murray and the Marquis of Montrose were buried. By the way, no sight which I beheld that day more startled my heart than that of the stone balcony of an old house in the Canongate, from which the brutal Argyle and the shameles Gordon bent, exulting over and mocking at the great Montrose, on his way to receive his sen-

The Tolbooth seemed no stranger to my eyes, and Holyrood Palace was as near as possible what I looked to see—a building neither grand nor beautiful in itself, and interesting alone for s tragic and romantic memories. After ing the picture gallery, which we soon "did," few or none of the portraits being accounted genuine, we were shown through the apartnents of Mary, and the ruins of the ancient Abbey. The presence chamber of the unfortu-nate Queen, though far from being of reyal limensions, richness, and splendor, according o modern ideas, must have been a handsome spartment in Mary's time. The roof is of oak eantifully carved, and the walls are hung with quaint pictures and rare old prints. It is silent, bare, and desolate room now; yet, as stood there, vision after vision of royal magnificence, and courtly beauty, and splendid fes tivity, passed before me-the shadows of ages led before the gleam of jewels, and the festal lights of gay masks, and nuptial rejoicings while the drear silence of long sadness and fear was broken by rich music, the regal rustle of brocade, the soft voices and pleasant laughter of fair ladies, and the gallant words and light word-clang of noble knights, as they went down the dance. Standing in Mary's own private apartment, looking at the bed on which her lovely limbs had once reposed, and on the mirror which had so often given back the fair reflection of her face, affected most powerfully my imagination and my sympathies. The miniature which is here shown was nothing to ne-I scarcely gave it a glance, but stood gazing at that faithless glass, as though hoping. by the mere force of my passionate desire, to evoke again to its cold surface one warm vision of that rare royal beauty and stately grace it had so often imaged forth, in times of gladness and grief. The little room in which the Queen sat at supper, with David Rizzio, on murder, and the private staircase up which the assassins came, from the chapel below, were next shown us. Here I felt little wonder at Mary's oath of ven-

geance, or at her relentless redemption of that oath. If she were innocent in the favor shown the Italian, the woman was vilely insulted by the black suspicion of the chief murderer, her husband—if guilty, the sovereign was outraged and defied by the ferocious deed and, proud and passionate as she was, it is surely no marvel that she swore to avenge the murder of her favorite, by the wild deathshricks which rang through a heart which his sweet music had so often soothed, and by his fifty-six wounds, whose blood stained forever the floor of her chamber. Standing on the very spot, brought the scene of this frightful traged

and the passions of the time more awfully home to the heart. The old Abbey Church is accounted a fin Gothic ruin, but is of a most lonely and dreary spect; the atmosphere seemed to me heavy and noisome, and all the shadowy places

and brutal outrage awfully near to the mind

from which we had a wide and beautiful view of the entire town and the surrounding coun try. The clouds having obligingly dispersed for a little while, the sight was most imposing and enchanting. On this hill there are severa fine monuments-the first, and by far the firest, is that to Dugald Stewart. There is one to Burns, not very tasteful or well-proportioned, and another to Professor Pinyfair; then there is the Nelson Tower, and the beautiful beginning of the National Monument on the model of the Parthenou.

I had inexpressible pleasure in contemplating the Scott Monument, in Prince's street, which we next visited. This is a fair, complete, noble, and most fitting erection. The style is a gorgeous Gothic, and all the elaborate detail is nost exquisitely wrought out. It seems to me admirably in keeping with the character and genius of Scott-a pure poetic creation, in the grace of its form and the delicate beauty of its adornments, yet magnificent and stately in its proportions-a proud and princely structure. This monument enshrines Chantry's noble and touching statue of the poet—sitting gracefully draped in a plaid, and with his faithful dog at his feet. On our walk home, we were shown

the house in which Scott lived for several years | She was as perfect as most heroines. before he built Abbotsford.

Our stay in Edinburgh being so limited, and the weather so wretchedly unpleasant, I did not attempt to see much of society, did not even deliver the letters I had brought, but contented myself with a dinner and an evening at the house of Mr. George Combe, with whom I had a slight previous acquaintance. I here met some people whom I felt it a rare good fortune to know. First among these, I trust I may mention my kind hostess herself, the only surviving daughter of Mrs. Siddons, and strikingly like her noble and beautiful mother. It was absolutely startling to glance from the splendid portraits, by Lawrence, of the immortal trage-dienne, which adorned the walls, to her living,

Mr. Combe seems to retain vivid and pleas-ant recollections of his visit to the United States, and to faithfully cherish his transatlantie friendships; and, what is more, he keeps his early enthusiasm for, and generous interest in, all questions of true reform and noble progress Among other agreeable guests whom I met at Mr. Combe's table, was Mrs. Stirling, a Scotch

authoress of celebrity, and a very charming woman, and Mr. Robert Chambers, who astonished me at first, by being a younger man, by some twenty years, than I had expected to see, and charmed me afterwards by the kindly affability, fine humor, and generous feeling, which marked his manner and conversation. I left Edinburgh with painful reluctance, and a feeling of bitter, rebellious disappoint-

ment, at having missed so many of its glorious sights. Of all the cities of the world, it had long been the one which I had regarded with the most intense interest, and most eagerly desired to visit. The dark struggles of early Scottish history-the long, fierce battle-storms, lit by brief splendors of heroism-the pomp of feudal power and old royal pageants—holy martyrdoms for Freedom and for God—Mary stuart's proud, fearful end, and tempestuou career—the romance of Scott, the poetry of Burns—all had conspired to give to this place a charm for my heart and a power over my imagination peculiar and pre-eminent. Thus it was only by a desperate effort that I tore myself away, pledging myself solemnly to my own heart, to return at some "more convenient season"—some happy, golden, future day. As ever, yours, Grace Greenwood.

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THE UNLOVED CHILD. A RHYMED ROMANCE

A man shall see, where there is a house full of children, one or two of the eldest respected, and the youngest ruined by indulgence; but in the midst, some that are as it were forgetten, who, many times, nevertheless, prove the best—Lord Bacon.

When my father and my mother forsake me, the the Lord will take me up.—Holy Scriptures.

PART FIRST. The world is full of poetry." * Oh! yes; Tis full of authors of all names and ages; Old things have been brought out in a new dress, By poets, scholars, wits, and sages:

In fact, there's nothing new, save new distress At sight of freshly printed pages. And so 'tis better in the bud to nip The passion one may have for authorship

Tis vastly pleasant to see people frown At foolish, upstart authors of new works; While critics, to increase their own renown. Will cut them up as Christians by the Turks: Most zealously, they try to put them down With diverse quiddities and quips and quirks They say to literature they owe it,

I have already been informed myself, By one of that ignoble class of fellows, Who think the aim of life, increase of pelf, And that an authorling deserves the gallows-That I should prove myself a silly olf To write, in form of prose or cantos A wise remark, and by authority

In especial, to behead a poet.

For I was then in my minority He's Trustee of a Female Seminary. And serves the usual milk-and-water fare To girls in rows, like cheeses in a dairy He charges high and takes the lion's share, But largely gives to every missionary; flow and solemnly he moves a la turtle,

As " mediums " write, " within the highest circle.

He's nice and "nothing if not critical;" Declines a quarrel when he cannot pick it A deacon, though not hypocritical; Uses the poor just as he does his cricket Betimes he's been somewhat political, Though always runs behind his ticket But is so excellent and consequential, He thinks most parties are quite pestilential

He also has endowed a "Prophet's School For he is rich, with a third richer wife. No doubt he thought me a conceited fool, And so he wished to lay me down a rule In kindness, to prevent all future strife And rightly-for I owe him now no malice, And would commune with him from the same chalice

Tis probable this man of wealth and note The ediet on me never would have laid, Had he not foolishly put on a coat, Which he supposed to fit him had been made The character which I unmindful wrote, Would blight his dignity, he was afraid And as he was more cowardly than witty, He provoked a laugh throughout blank city

m half in mind my readers will declare Their wish that I had heeded the command. And so their generous patience I would spare, By never having tedious verses planned; . . For poetasters, I am well aware.

There never was, than now, a less demand; But. Heaven sparing me another quarrel,

I'll tell a tale with a good moral.

My heroine I shall at first present In tender childhood of some summers seven the seemed a gentle, sweet-voiced angel, lent From the selectest group of Loves in heaven Not that all heroines, angels represent, Just spiced with evil for a little leaven; Not that there is one thread to every story. On which are strung like deeds of shame and glory

No; though seeming much as if in angelhood She was a child of passion, sin, and grief; And though within life's field she lonely stood, With goodness bound, a gold and silver sheaf, Her nature, unrevealed, infrequent would Assert itself in passionate belief; And then the latent power which flashed within her Not only proved her gifted, but a sinner.

I know of no perfection in this world, Save in some novelettes with yellow covers It's said, from heaven an angel once was hurled, Who 'round the heart of every mortal hovers He sports a tail in pictures, with hair twirled Like serpents, and he's quite the curse of lovers Too often faithless, one or other snatches And so breaks hearts and sentimental matches

Therefore, my heroine being a woman, Like Eve had whisperings with the devil And it is to be presumed by no man, Although she was above the common leve That she was more immaculate than human But good did always overcome the evil, So that, although endowed with many sine

New England was her natal home, and she Was of an ancient race of goodly fame There had been some among her family, Who had in war immortalized the name Her father's sire was known for wealth, as he On Eastern and on Western lands had claim, Besides whole villages he owned at home, And merchandise in Liverpool and Rome

Her father was a merchant of that class Who win with countless gold Fame's first rewards A gentleman, with ladies or with lords

But to the people, whom he styled "the mass He was a scourge made up of golden cordsman who kept a key in his possession, Which oped a secret storehouse of oppression

His wife was one of those exquisite creatures Who seem composed of sentiment and air; And to display her form and features. Was ever her first thought and latest care

Her words reminded of the sacred Preacher's " Vanity of Vanities;" for what to wear, And how, thereby to cause a great sensation, Was usually her theme of conversation.

she deted on her family physician, And would even an infant's succee refer To him, for a professional decision: While all who in their creed differed from her, She thought were certain objects of suspicion : In manner, like a cat who'll fondly pur. Till in some trick, herself discovered catches

Then turning suddenly, she bites and scratches. The mother thought to name our heroine From out some book of romance she had read But some preferred Miss Barrett's Geraldine, (Her husband was abroad.) and others said. In order at some future time to win The handsome fortune of an ancient maid,

To call her, for her wealthy aunt, Melona; But all at last decided on VERONA. For in the foreign city of that ilk, The father was then trafficking in lace. And in the articles of wool and silk ; Well nigh forgetting the domestic case

Of Christian names and anise-seed and milk, There were such golden charms within the place But when he heard the news in their first letter. He thought they certainly might have done better

Most hopefully he had desired a boy-Two little girls already had been given And now, instead of feeling pride and joy, He rudely wished the baby back to Heaven Declared he would not carry home a toy, Although for something rare he would have striven. If his fond hopes had come to a fruition, In the event of his wife's parturition.

A hate toward one, engendered with their birth, Grows stronger evermore within the breast; It matters not how much of sterling worth By the unloved, in time, may be possessed; They are as aliens 'round the household hearth, And must resort to strangers to be blest Unhallowed this, but even so it is : And such deserve our warmest sympathies.

Verona was not pretty when a child, Although she soldom was unamiable Her parents on her never kindly smiled, And always treated her as blamable For the misdeeds of all her sisters wild, Who were in childhood quite untamable; They thought the unloved sister of bad feature, And a most singular and timid creature.

XXII. They early gave her painful sobriquets, And soldom was there anything enjoyed And seeing her most thoroughly annoyed; For thus they never lost their parents' praise, E'en though her happiness was all destroyed It seemed, as she was ever underrated. They thought that she was born but to be hated

Now, if my heroine had only been " Most beautiful, and excellent, and fair Or beauteous as sweet Evangeline, With eyes that " softly gleamed," and "dark brown

As she should be to admiration win-The gem of mind within a setting rare-I know 'twould please my readers better. And I am half inclined to let hor

But as the truth I purpose to relate Such truth as has availability. I will not undertake to imitate The far-famed authors of ability As Jackson said about affairs of state "I take the whole responsibility."

With plain material I'll be contented

And if upon the boundless sea of ink, This trifling, literary ripple Should meet the searching eye of one, I think Of our best critics, E. P. Whipple, He must at my great sin of ignorance wink And just remember I don't tipple

And trust that none will think I am demented.

The Bible says that " iron sharpeneth iron, But hock and sods water sharpened Byron I will confess, however, my regret, That my Verona is so commonplace: That she is not like Lowell's Margaret, With sunny hair and heart, and levely face

Like Byron's beauteous star that in his boyhood set Or Shelley's " fairy child of every grace Like Mary at the feet of Jesus sitting, Like Mary at the feet of overland the Like all things beautiful and most bentting. . 4 XXVII. A very beauty was her oldest sister,

Exquisitely symmetrical and fair; Her father often fondly kissed her, And smoothed the tangles of her curling hair One day he said, upon a throne he wished her And that her proper sphere was only there Then, having ended this weak travesty, Bade Verona to obey her majesty-

Who silent heard, and sought but to obey, Then dressed her sister's hair in falling curls Which was a task assigned her on each day. As she upon her fingers smoothed the twists. The tears fell slowly down, and on them lay. A study for an artist were those girls

The one, with hair of glorious golden brown Which fell in ringlets to her bosom down; With oval face of alabaster hue; A mouth cleft like two leaves within a rose Besprinkled with the pearls of morning dew A delicate and finely pencilled nose With eyes of languishing and lustrous blue Gemmed with a star like that which flows

In picture on the azure, rolling deep,

To be oblivious of rules and duties.

Save when behind a cloud it falls to sleep

Upon that face was just a conscious though Of beauty, but no shadow rested there; For no stern monitress of life had taught A little saucily she seemed to dare, Mayhap, a trifle more than what she ought; Though it beseems the common fault of beauties,

The form was full, and rounded to a charm. Twas folded in a dross of muslin snow , A band of gems encircled either arm And swanlike neck, which was uncovered low A golden cross lay there to banish harm, And a soft, blushing rose, which gods bestow To rival that—the fairest of all roses-Which lovingly on beauty's cheek reposes

In shadow stood Vorona, just behind-A cloud contrasting with a star-twain strips Of light and darkness, the one with silver lined, The other now obscured in an eclipse But on her brow was set the seal of mind And sadness was the imprint of her lips-A wondrous mind, from which, some coming day, The long-pent lightning must in brilliance play

XXXIII Her face was dark, but yet a fair brunette, Now warmed into a rich and crimson glow, For she had just a jewel wrongly set, And been rewarded by a cruel blow

XXXIV.

Which turned all ways by natural impulse driven,

The fringes of her eyes with tears were wet 'Twas all the revelation of her woe But when those silken lashes were uplifted. It seemed bright gleams from heaven there he

In truth, surpassing beauteous were her eyes, Wherein one gazed as down a crystal well, And saw the varied shadows of the skies, Which there in shifting pictures rose and fell ; And thereupon, e'en as in Paradise, A flaming sword of light did ever dwell,

But levelist when upturned in prayer to heaven, And next the eldest, Julia, there was Minerva, who was proud and stern and cold : She quoted poetry and classic saws, And came most minds in great contempt to hold Familiar too with politics and laws, She often seemed too masculine and bold .

> And therefore was regarded a bas blen. XXXVI Tis strange that term has slipped into my verse O' literary ladies, pardon me ; I know 'tis rather horrible and terse, And one with which some people are too free I might perchance have written something worse For Byron wrote, (and much admired is he.) But-oh! ve lords of ladies intellectual,

Thus made a great display of what she knew

XXXVII. There's something very queer about a lady, Whose shrine of labor is her escritoire; If single, usually she's on the shady Side of thirty-may be forty ; or, If married, she neglects the baby, In chase of some unnatural thing of straw I'm loth to add, she often is a pattern Of a most unmitigated slattern

Inform us truly, have they not hen-pecked you all

XXXVIII. Another class, however, we can boast Who merit not the title of the few; They are (with help of editors) a host, And nobly represent the woman true, Of such -the ones which I admire the most Are-stay, such selections I shall rue, For I would war within a lion's den, Sooner than with a learned woman's pen

XXXIX. And this reminds me (pardon the allusion) Of a strange occurrence literary, Where ladies found their friendship a delusion, Owing to a letter of Miss Carey; Which was by some regarded an intrusion, Whose opinions seem from hers to vary.

A lady who above her sex can rise, Methinks, should never stoop to stigmatize

And so Grace Greenwood (ah! I like her style Her rich, strong thought, her fearlessness Responded a la Christian, not Carlyle,

And universal admiration won: The world did here and there exchange a smile, They thought, however, 'twouldn't hurt the maids, But would improve the temper of their blades.

I will not wander from my story longer, Else I shall have no hope of getting done Verona had two brothers younger-The father doted on the eldest one Frequently affirmed he was a wonder, And called him for his friend, Lord Clarendon He gave him, when a child, a handsome pony, And his groom in waiting made Verona

The youngest, Bozzy, was his mother's pride, Who always shared the best and largest half She kept him close imprisoned by her side, And, fearing ill, would scarcely let him laugh Always o'erfed, and nothing e'er denied,

He seemed a hot-pressed folio, bound in calf, (But I am thinking that this last idea Is neither quite original or clear.)

Our heroine was the humble slave of all. Although the servants were a numerous train And why should one not follow every call. Who was so stunid passionless, and plain What signified if she was kept in thrall If tears coursed down her pallid checks like rain Who cared if she was doomed to feel the rod,

With an exquisite taste she was endowed. For every beautiful and curious thing, But in her childhood never was allowed Her parents and her sisters were too proud

When none behold her agony but God?

To let her play in company or sing And so with children in the nursery reared She seldom in the drawing rooms appeared She early came to think she was a dunce Who was unlike all other children made

To all believed she owed altegiance, Their strict exactions never disobeyed And when by chance a lady praised her once It was so sweetly new, she wept and prayed And said to Heaven, " If I could die for her, I never for a moment would demur. TO BE CONTINUED.

DEMOCRACY OF SCIENCE.-No. 18.

BY JOSIAH HOLBROOK A mistake is made in schools-a great mis

take, very great-in all schools. It occasions the loss of time, money, mind, morals, and leads directly and indirectly to the destruction of millions of property, to lawlessness, violence rowdyism, house-burning. "Michigan conspiracies," and crimes in character and form num berless and nameless.

The mistake is in setting aside the "GREAT

BOOK OF GOD"-rather "TWO BOOKS"-for an innumerable multitude of little books of men. Without referring to the impiety, practi-cal infidelity, involved in this mistake, every one must recognise in it violence done to common sense and to the laws of mind, the highest, noblest principles of the human soul From the very constitution of mind, it hungers after knowledge with as much cagerness, and receives it with as much avidity, as the stomach craves and receives food. An attempt to feed it with the "arbitrary signs" of knowledge, in place of knowledge itself, is like giving husks instead of corn; the flourish of plates instead of roast beef, or anything estable. on common sense and the laws of mind is the more remarkable from the fact that words the signs of ideas, after all, are acquired through their connection with the ideas themselves. Give the ideas, and words to express them will come of course. They will be created for the occasion, if not furnished otherwise. Hence, the time spent in the mere learning of words, in memorizing, is worse than wasted, as the object aimed at is defeated by forcing the attention of the pupils from the legitimate channels leading to that object.

The waste of time, however, and of money, on an innumerable multitude of school-books constantly changed for the accommodation of is not the worst evil of this mis take-shutting out from schools and from in-struction the book of creation. Stinting and demoralizing mind, crushing the noblest opera-tions of the soul, are the sad evils of this mistake. Proofs of the wide-spread devastation

rence in almost every direction, now giving fortunes can only be acquired by steady plodour country such an unenviable notoriety, but ding industry and economy; and, although a in the dearth of true moral grandeur, and the few individuals may occasionally rapidly acprevalence of low, short-slighted, exclusive quire the latter, it is, in the majority of in selfishness—of mere money making, followed by money-squandering on passing into the hands

becoming settled in this opinion, those entertaining it are invited to examine the subject carefully, and especially to test it by experiment. Parents may try the experiment at "WINTER EVENING FIRESIDES" during the coming six months. If it should be found that works of Nature and Art, spread upon the domestic board, for the younger members of families, to examine, label, classify, arrange in boxes and portfolios, should be more attractive than any street sports, many boys now instructed and led into the avenues of vice would be initiated into the wonders of science; young minds now demoralized, corrupted, and prepared for thefts, house-burnings, and a large circle of crime, thoroughly because practically taught at "STREET SCHOOLS," would be refined, ennolded, and directed in the paths of respectability and usefulness. Once let families be recognised as schools, the "OLDER VOLUME or Goo" as the book of instruction, and parents as teachers of Divine appointment, and

For the National Era. "RUINOUS CONDITION OF JAMAICA."

vention of vice by the promotion of virtue.

Emancipation in the British West India Colonies, in 1837-'8, astounded the world, and the happy results seemed to electrify the friends of Freedom. Most auspicious did the success of this hold measure appear to be on the Anti-Slavery cause in this country. Very soon, however, did the persistent slaveholders, and their apologists, the Pro-Slavery presses in our large cities, begin to question the truth of the favorable accounts received from the islands, and to blazon everything, real or fictitious, that detracted from them, while they studiously concealed, or wilfully distorted, every statement showing the beneficial results of immediate emancipation. Now, as real distress exists in some of the islands, many are vociferous in declaiming that emancipation has proved a failure! It is well, then, to look at authentic facts.

They need not deceive.

Probably the friends of emancipation expect ed too much. A nation of slaves cannot be converted, by an act of Parliament, instantly into a nation of intelligent, laborious, and successful agriculturists, or educated and exem-plary Christians. The taint and evils of slavery will last for one or more generations. Gradual would be worse, even, than immediate emancipation. It is impossible to educate a people for freedom while they continue to be slaves. But to our facts. From a recent file of Jamaica newspapers I shall make some extracts, most of them from those who have not been very favorable to emancipation, which will give a fair representation of the present condition of the British Colonies, especially Ja-

At a meeting in Liverpool, England, called to hear three highly respectable gentlemen lately from the Colony of Jamaica, J. B. Yates, Esq, is reported in the Liverpool Mercury, while he represented the planters to be in a forforn state, owing to "a fatal and ruinou depreciation" of their estates, said :

The condition of the remainder of the pop ulation of Jamaica, which numbered, perhaps eight or ten times as many persons as the whites, was, he was happy to say, greatly ameliorated," and "no one could rejoice more than he did, at the happy and prosperous condition

of the blacks " Mr. Watson, at the same meeting, said "He had resided twenty-seven or twenty-eight years in the West Indies, Mexico, and other parts, and he felt disappointed in this deputation, inasmuch as they had not suggested anything practicable as a remedy for the state of things of which they complained. Since the 1st of January last, he found that the importation of British sugar had increased 53,117 tons, and the importation of foreign slave-grown sugar had decreased 13.976 tons He thought that gave a fair prospect that, after a few years more, our Colonies would be able to produce, by free labor, all the sugar that we required; and he had no doubt in mind, after having studied the subject forty years, that eventually free labor would drive slave labor out of the market."

At the same meeting, the following resolution was passed:
"Resolved, That it appears to this meeting that among the principal causes which have tended to the ruin now rapidly involving every interest connected with Jamaica, is the great scarcity of available plantation labor-a scarcity which has been painfully aggravated by the fatal visitations of cholera and small-pox, to which the island has of late been subjected. The editor of the Morning Journal, Jamaica

September 29, 1852, says: "Those who tancy that a supply of immigrants, and distinctive duties, will do all that s required, will find themselves mistaken. The mass of the population must be operated upon and improved—the institutions of the country must be remodelled, and the future must be looked forward to and provided for." . . "But, as to any well-digested scheme for adapting our institutions to our circumstances-any plan whereby either agriculture or commerce may be encouraged, or parties may be induced to migrate to this island, and to make it their home—we hear nothing of such. It enters not into the minds of our Senators to conceive anything of the kind. It is troublesome to engage in any inquiry for this purpose, and easy, so very easy, to declare it impossible (!!) to proceed to the business of raising taxes for the

support of the institutions," &c.

The editor of the Liverpool Courier imputes the declension of the prosperity of Jamaica to the bounties on beet-root sugar, which have excluded slave-grown sugar from the continental markets, and forced them upon Great Britain, and the prevalence of epidemics. He thinks the remedy is to be sought for in a fresh supply of labor, assisted by a decrease in the duties on colonial produce, to enable the planters to compete with Cuba and the Brazils. He adds Colonial property in the West Indies, like the old roadside inns and stage coaches of England, has been seriously injured by the progress of science and the principle of competiion." He imputes the disastrous state things in Jamaica, in a great measure, to the

Sugar Act, and says:
"North American vessels, laden with fish proceed to Jamaica, and there make their sales for cash, with which they turn their backs upon the producers of taxed free-grown sugar. and proceed to the Havana to load slave-grown sugar for the United States! From such a competition may not the planters reasonably ask to be released?

"Whether they shall be so or not, will mainly depend upon the question whether our sys-tem of free trade includes protection to slavery or it does not—whether that nation which sacrificed twenty millions to emancipate its slaves will accept cheap free-grown sugar, or it will not. If it will, the theory of combating slave labor by free, will, we feel confident, receive a speedy and triumphant solution. The editor of the Jamaica Morning Journal

attributes the distress, in part, to the fact that the Assembly has, for several years, gone on permitting the expenditure of the island to exceed the income or revenue," and to the enormous taxes to support the onerous expenses of Government. He goes on to say :

"The two great objects which the Legisla-ture ought to keep steadily in view, are, first, the improvement of the existing population; and, second, the increase of the laboring popu-lation, by importations from abroad. If to these are added endeavors to increase the trade of mind, of appalling havos of the noblest of the island and encourage agricultural purwork of God are furnished, not merely by suits, there can be no doubt that the prospects

Your brothers will teach you many a healthwork of God, are furnished, not merely by "Michigan conspiracies," house-burnings, rowdyism, and lawless outbreaks of daily occurother way can they improve. Competency and in bad weather, without going out. But you

stances, the slow and steady who win the race. We conclude with presenting a letter written by an eminent counsellor at law, who has long

Some will doubtless think that too much been a resident in Jamaica, and whose state-evil is attributed to this one mistake. Before consideration

To the Hon. Edward Jordon .

"My DEAR SIR: I address you personally, but my letter is intended for the Morning Jour-

"The delegates seem to me to have been advocating the cause of the West India Colonies with very mistaken judgment. Mr. Smith's undertaking to find a cure for all the evils in the go-a-head rapacity of Yankeedom, is ut-ter recklessness; and Mr. Girod's discovery of the desolating causes in the deficiency of labor ers, because those we have here can live without work, is just excusing the mother country for the policy of surrendering her sugar mar-ket to the slaveholder and the slave-trader. Let me give you a rapid outline of facts

statistically stated.

The British West India Colonies terminated the apprenticeship in 1838, exporting 2,824,381 nundred weights of sugar. In 1847, the production of this staple had risen to 3,202 926 no one can doubt important results in the pre-

hundred weights.
"Here we have a progressive increase of in lustry during the period when the plantation laborer had already become an independent

settler.
"During these nine years, the Colony had suffered from the most disastrous seasons known for half a century. While there was an inrease of labor, there was a decrease of produc-

tiveness in the fields. The Sugar Duties Bill of 1846 now came into operation; with it came productive sea-sons once more; but under the disastrous com-petition of free labor with slavery, sugar no longer gave a profit to industry. In 1851, the latest returns for comparison, sugar cultivation had decreased to 2,200,000 hundred weights of exported sugar. Just one-third of the industry of the plantations has been extinguished in five

In all the time that this process of rise and decline has been going on in the West Indian Colonies, Mauritius, by the command of Coolie labor, has arisen from 537,455 to 1,100,000 hundred weights of sugar, and the East Indies from 300,000 to 1,400,000 hundred weights.

Here we see that where free labor can com pete with slave labor and the slave trade, it loes perform its part spiritedly, though at barely remonerating prices. With us in the West Indies, however, where it is subjected to overwhelming odds against the possiblity of realizing a profit on labor, it is undergoing a pross of rapid extinction.
"Now, when we look back to plantation in

dustry from 1838 to 1847, nine years of a per-riod of droughts, and of unsettlement in the relations of capital and industry, by the change from slavery to freedom, and find that the staple agriculture had been increased, and the quantity of exports augmented, the Colonists may fairly be said to have courageously met their difficulties, and to have deserved encouragement for a bold and hopeful spirit. We merited the protection of fair dealing, if not of favor. It was at a moment when the energet-ic excitement of agricultural societies, and of more economical and scientific processes of tillage and manufacture, under a series of mos unfavorable seasons, had occurred in these Colonies, that the Government ceased to continue her policy, we cannot say of protection, but of encouragement; and to expose the Colonists to a competition of wages, and the legitimate motives of industry, to compulsory labor with no outlay for production, or a very small one, and in this hopeless struggle to swamp Colonial industry and enterprise. In five years, one-third of the plantations have been destroyed. The planter has ceased to cultivate, because industry ceases to realize a profit. It is therefore as advantageous to do nothing as to labor. What is his case is the negro's also. The condition that renders one no longer a producer of sugar, makes the other no longer a tiller in

his sugar fields. "The whole responsibility for this state of ruin, of desolation, and lack-labor, now becom-ing positive idleness and immorality, is with home Government. If we are howling inhabitants of Maktesh, (Zephaniah, ch. 11 verse.) it is 'because all the merchan people are cut off,' 'because all that bear silver are cut off.' We are certainly 'settled or our lees,' and are fast getting into the godless condition of a people, who 'say that the Lord will not do good, neither will he do evil.' Providence will visit us in our profaneness certain ly, and has visited us, but it is not for the Gov ernment, who have made all this evil, to ' search

us out with candles, to punish us."

With sincere respect, I remain, my dear sir, very faithfully, R Spanishtown, Sept. 30, 1852. RICHARD HILL. These facts and opinions show conclusively that the distress of the Jamaica landholders however much it may be regretted, has not arisen from emancipation, but from the evils consequent upon a long period of slavery, and the indisposition of the planters to adjust themselves to their new position. The results of sla very in the body politic are similar to the results of vice on the physical system of man. They are great, but a continuance in iniquity will

involve evils still greater.

O how sweet a word is Home. Children who ove home, and seek their pleasures there, very seldom go astray. It is Christianity that has made home what it is and without religion half its charm is absent.

No matter how dark and cold it is without, all is light and warmth within. The storm may rage, and sleet rattle against the walls, but Providence shelters you in the bosom of your very best earthly friends. What cause for thankfulness is here! As you enjoy each favor, think of the blessed Saviour, through whose

grace they are continued to you.

Before I was as old as you now are, I had begun to look at books of poetry. Well do I re-member the old volume of Cowper's Task, and the pictures of the lace-knitters, and of poor Kate. Even then I enjoyed, as you now may, what this Christian poet says of winter evening leasures. And a thousand times have I felt these pleasures increased by the recollection of

his lines: Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast, Let fall the cartains: wheel the sofa round; And while the bubbling and loud hissing urn Throws up a steamy column, and the cups, That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each, So let us welcome peaceful evening in.

If you learn to love such evenings, and to think the company of parents, brothers, and sisters, the best company in the world, you will have every day an amount of real pleasure which is unknown to those who go to operas play-houses, and crowded parties. You will not, indeed, become a fashionable young lady, but you will be wiser and happier than any one was ever made by fashion. The study of good books, and especially of God's inspired word, will lay a foundation for joys which will last all your lifetime, and which will not grow less when wealth, and youth, and beauty, and friends, have departed.

Winter pleasures are not, however, confined to the evening. They belong to morning, noon, and night. In warmer seasons we go out and learn more of nature and things abroad; in winter we converse with dear friends, with books, and with ourselves. Winter is the time for study. Try to make it your entertainment. Determine to improve your mind, and to be constantly learning something that you never knew before. Study with alacrity and cheer-fulness, and you will find it less injurious to your health than to fret over your books. You will learn faster, and be more agreeable